

by Love is Nothing

After The Snow

[illegible]

I'm floating. Strange, I remember being so cold. Now I'm being held up and I'm warm. I finger the garment I'm wearing. Different from what I remember wearing...isn't it? I can't remember anything. I try, but nothing comes from the darkness in my mind. Panicking, I swim in this liquid, grasping, seeking a way out of this nightmare. I would rather be cold. Why can't I remember? Suddenly, my hand touches something that isn't liquid, nor is it quite solid. It feels so soft, comforting. Curling against it, I realize I'm still tired. I think I'll go back to sleepâ€¦

I can hear voices. But I can't understand them. Whatever I'm curled up against is muffling the sound. I press my ear closer to the wall and try to hear what they are saying. I wonder where I am, where the thing I'm in is. The dream of the cold is fading away, but it doesn't bother me. The new voices are more interesting.

tiredâ€™|

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liquid world? Maybe we can figure it out after lunch.

lunchâ€™|

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now and I haven't made any difference in them.

up?

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room.

[illegible]

of thatâ€”place and seeing a girl with a light above her headâ€”then

anyway. The bed is so soft. I just want to lie here and sleepâ€¦

I can hear voices interrupting my dreams. I was dreaming of snow again. I want to go back. The voices are talking about me. Finally curiosity got the better of my desire to go back to sleep and I open my eyes. Several girls, all with haloes and wings, are standing or sitting around my bed. They start introducing themselves, but I don't catch all of the strange names. Their names mean nothing to me, but maybe I can ask them later, if I get a chance. I want to tell them my name, but I find that I can't remember. Strange, I wonder why? Now they are asking if I had any dreams. Of course I have had dreams. Or do they mean only the recent one of the snow? I decide to tell them about the snow, even though the dream is fuzzy and indistinct. I don't remember much, but I'll tell them anyway. They all look at each other and start suggesting different weird names for me. One of them sees my confused look and explains that none of them remember their names either, and they use the dreams to name themselves. Finally, the girls settle on the name 'Yuki', because the only thing I remember is snow. They are friendly, and I am warm. I smile at them. I think I'll like it here.

AN: If you couldn't tell, this is a Firekeeper/Haibane crossover. I had an idea of where to go with this, but I lost it somewhere, so this will probably forever remain a oneshot.

End
file.